

Ah, but I digress. Camp Stonycroft had everything for activities: swimming, sailing, archery, riflery, ping pong, pool/billiards, hikes to run up and down the white sand dunes of Lake Michigan plus hikes into town for ice cream and other purchases and even rides on horses occasionally. We did everything with boys: classes, eating in the mess hall, jitterbugging and watching movies evenings in the rec center, etc. Since Patsy and I were on a swimming team back home in Indianapolis, Indiana, we were used to working out every day and asked the camp director for special permission to swim across the lake early in the morning before reveille sounded for all the campers since we wanted to stay in shape for the upcoming meets. Permission granted, although reluctantly. Pudgy, was the boat rower and was one of the boys who worked in the camp kitchen. Pudgy was just a tad pudgy and had short black hair and a ready smile. He was likeable and funny. I remember the mornings as cool and the lake as quiet and glasslike. We three whispered as we got the rowboat ready by the waterfront so as not to waken others. Patsy would swim one way across and I'd swim on the way back. The person not swimming was the lifeguard while Pudgy rowed. We did this just three times before the camp director said, "No more". I was really glad about that decision because on my last swim, this massive black mass, far larger than I, slowly and silently moved under me as I was swimming. Imagine an enormous form moving under you as you're swimming. It's size blocked out all light below. It looked like a large, large fish or maybe a giant ray. I silently screamed because I didn't know fish could get that big. Lucky for me, I was not considered as a food source that day and have lived to tell the tale/tail to Camper Charlene. Happy Camping and lots of love from GAP C,,,,

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